

Published Aug. 4, 1891. **SHAW & PETERSON**, Publishers,  
No. 319 Walnut St., Phila'da. **PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1891.** Price 5c. 10 & 20, in Advance. Whole Number Bound, 10c.  
Single Numbers 5 Cents.

I took the purse, thanked her in the name of the poor woman who still wept over her child, though more softly, and then she stooped, left a







## A Coup D'Etat

he had been married a year or so, and thought it safe to mention that his wife had been

Mr. Albert Spraight was a fine young man handsome and good-natured. Rather vain per-

Mr. Albert Spagoth was a fine young man handsome and good-natured. Rather vain perhaps, but the ladies were so much to blame in that matter as he. If they took infinite pains to improve upon his mind the extent and breadth of his attractions, how could he be so negligent as to let his face, devoted creature, run in the wrong? *and so down*

It is characteristic of poor human nature, that not content with the talents it really possesses it aspires to the possession of those to which it claims are more desirable. *And so down*

Mr. Spagoth's friends commended his beauty but he also considered himself shrewd and independent. Whether those last virtues were his the reader shall judge. *and so down*

"The days we went a-gipsying,  
A long time ago—"

Accordingly one bright summer's day saw a gay company of ladies and gentlemen bound to a dim old wood, in whose green recesses they might play for a while, children of Nature.

Chattering gaily in the squirrels' tails their footstep disturbed in their frolicsome trees, the blithe pleasure seekers passed on to their prettier pipe-camping ground, a lovely spot, around which stately oaks, regal with the honors of centuries, sent leafy arms of protection, and waved with their wealth of verdure and coolness of shade the merry idlers to their seat, embracing shadows.

This party was to be no mere picnic, but a sort of mock affair; a huge battle was being between two poles, gipsy wise, and the guests were despatched in search of game, which the merry fingers of the ladies were to convert into savory dishes.

So in the merry days of the Regiment of Franco, the countess, with some arch and satyric little margarine, in her high headed bonnet and muslin; graceful cavaliers and noble dukes, proceeded to sit down to gay supper their own patrician hands had prepared.

But what have we to do with regents, countesses, and dukes? Let us return to our American boys and girls.

Mr. Albert Eyebright, of course that fine and debonaire young man was present, and abusing his ruder brethren, was solicitous to lend his services to the ladies in their department. Mr. Eyebright had once kept bachelor's hall a whole year "out west," and there acquired much culinary skill as does not usually fall to the lot of masculines. He considered that his manner of dressing a plover, or a plovered grouse, could not be improved upon by the rest of Sever himself.

As to tea and coffee, he couldn't be hasty in the preparation of those beverages. In consideration of the number of old ladies present, he thought a cup of the former would be preferable, and he would make it of the best old Hyson, to suit their ancient palates.

At the close of this audacious speech such a salley of angry glances were fired at our impatient young hero from the eyes of indignant fellows, that he lost his presence of mind, his feet slipped, or did the lady be was passing make a sudden movement? and the whole boiling contents of a bottle he was carrying were poured upon the fair hands of Miss Anna Clear. A loud exclamation of dismay was heard, not from the lips of the lady however; she was perfectly serene and self-composed, but Mr. Eye-sight was horrified at his work.

"Oh! what have I done? what shall I do for my pen!"

Mr. Eyebright laughed sarcastically. "There asks the woman of it. You can bear the pain with heroic firmness, but the idea of disfigurement, it is too much."

"Of course," said Miss Clear coolly, "my philosophy would not be equal to that."

Miss Clear had beautiful hands, not only white and soft—many hands are that—but they seemed full of character. There was more soul in them than there is in most people's faces. There was something almost magical in their combination; they reminded one of the stories

Apart from these charms Miss Clear was far more than a rival belle, and a prominent part in the life of her fellow townsfolk as in most other affairs. Her light hair was never hidden under a bushel.

Miss Frieeling had during the day monopolized more than her due share of Mr. Eyebright's attentions. She had looked her most dangerous when he had hung over her in the most devoted manner, and had been highly impressive and somewhat.

The scalding affair, however, turned the tide of love. After that dreadful accident our hero could only make amends to the lady he had injured by performing for her those offices her disabled hands prevented her from doing for her-

To use a paradoxical expression weakness very potent. Mr. Eyebright carved for and his charge with most assiduous care. When party broke up of course he must see her alone. Tenderly he adjusted the light shawl and the graceful shoulders, and supporting slight figure upon his arm, they moved on to their companions.

that Mr. Eyebright, for all his seeming gentleness was certainly very cruel, for not content with wounding Miss Clark, he pressed a burning upon her fair cheek as he relinquished her father's door.

a sister once for company an' found it was a dead man?" Oh, my goodness! that was awful. Don't tell what battle was that in? "The battle of Five Oaks?" Was, hey? Was it a doubtful battle? Did you see lots of them all blundered in places, an' blood a' runnin', an' plumes o' dead folks scattered all about? I sh'd a thought you'd a' want easy. I shoud if I was an' was such things.

[illegible]

men were growing up, and out of the way. Then again I never think of it should be an army man or should be out there when there was a big battle, and my husband should be amongst the soldiers, and I should happen to be a "bitch" used for that division. If you know he shouldn't know I was there, and the battle should grow up in view, and a good thing it'd be wounded, an' someone can my husband, and I should happen to come along with a lot of things on things from the Ministry Commission, as my husband should be a soldier, but my wife would be. If I should just go down on the way to your head an' pillow it on my faithful husband, and put some beauty and water, or some hot coffee, it's paroled him, and now up the mountain, and have carry him to a place of safety where he watch an' tend upon 'em 'an' me, so I'll be safe.

Well again, we died a glorious martyr for 'n  
bleedin' country, I mean a bleedin' martyr for  
his glorious country—I yester think how kinder  
romantic that would be! Just like the stories 'n'  
I read sometimes in books an' papers. But,

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
BY ERAW.

**Mike Cole Comes "Home from the Wars."**

Bless my stars, Jake Cole, is that air you?  
Just tell'd Sook 't I believed ter my soul 't I  
sed you or yer shadow a comin' in at the gate.  
So you've got hum from the wars, a lookin' as  
sok 'n 's frowy 's a tew-thirds mulatter!

Didn't you git shot nor nothin'? Didn't, y? Well, it does beat all my fast wives reasons how some folks does stan it through everything, an' agin others gits killed jest by tkin' as you may say. Now there was my mended, he was as tough, an' as stout, an' hearty as a horse; he looked as though he'd through fire 'n water 'n never catch 'n death what does he up 'n dew out tew war but go git kiked in the back side of 'n head by a

able, comfortable dead-an' allerd old mule  
worn out in the service an' had ben turned  
a lewse ter pick up 'is living or die, jest which  
I'd a minter. That old mule was allers a  
skin' round in the way, an' poor Bennydad  
jest thought he'd stun the old faller out o'  
e camp, an' so he up with a old board an' let  
at the orritter, an' lo! an' behold! what does  
he ill-natured, cross old thing dew but he must  
an' he bin dead beale an' sign a kedsman's

back side of his head" I laid 'im flat "I a wonder! He never skursely stirred nor winked er it, so Mike Higgins said when he told me bout it, he 't yuster live in the little one story wood-colored house down by the gate where the road turns off from the Lottery to go to Watch

"You remember Mike Higgins, I guess?"  
 "Yeah, Jake?" He puster ailsers wear a red  
 "Main shirt an' smoke a short-stem pipe, an'  
 "I'd 've 'thirst leaved rolled up an' 's panta-  
 "Higgs, an' no but on, an' a leetle brown  
 "cigars an' with the fur worn off, winter an'  
 "cramer, salt or shine. Sundays or weak days,  
 "I wouldn't care to see 'em with nothin' else on  
 "the same old rig, the full year round—not  
 "re he went ter wuk, the full year round. I  
 "was knowned, he step in 'expect, of the  
 "an', used his coal-skin cap 'thru same old  
 "main't no mortal doubt on 'em. For, y'ls, I  
 "sawed you'd remember Mike Higgins—any-  
 "I would't ever need to see 'em.

Wall, he was tew war; lor! tew be sure he  
be; he belonged ter the same company 't poor  
Bennydad did. My Bennydad never yuster to  
ociate with 'em of course, you know, but then  
y was in the same company, and all, and  
he be come an' telled me all about the dreadful  
matter that happened ter Bennydad when he  
hum.

Like said he was a makin' some coffee an' some beef clost by—Mike, he cooked for mess when this happened to Bennydad—remember, Book, 't Mike said when he was a me about it how that he was a bilin the co, an' the beef was most done, an' was jest in' ter take it out o' the pot an' pour out coffee ter serve out ter the men when he

a rumpus behind 'im an' he looked around in time to see the orful old critter plant his agin yer poor par's head. He laid 'im t out 'sprawlin on the ground. Mike he that an' he never waited ter see no more. He dropped the coffee little jest of it had been d hot coal—an' he said most the bull o' the we got spilt out, an' 't was fast rais, good for s'—an' he, run ter one. Bended an'

ed over an' kinder lifted 'im up. He said  
nydded just gin one kinder half groan an'  
nigh, an' that was the last of 'im. Of course  
ojers all come round, an' some on 'em took  
y poor old man—Mike 'd laid 'im down  
when he see it was all over with 'im—an'  
took 'im right tow' the hospital, an' the  
thers they tried ter fetch back life later 'im,  
't warn't o' no use. He was clean gone,  
thin, an' 'd no more an' no more.

"You see 't it don't take nothin' at all to kill 'em folks even if they 'pear ter live an' so rugged, while agin, others that's livin' an' as poor as a pertier sprout in a saller, will seem to live and thrive on acci-  
dent, an' wars, an' battles, an' o'perendence, an' the various pills that flesh is hair tew."  
"Jake, you've ben threw, how many is it?"  
"Battion?"

His battles are several skirmishes!" I draw  
fire! Yes, you've been through all them, an' had  
a fever awful, an' the rheumatism some-  
times an' haist never had a scratch here a gun-  
ner a wound happen tew ye! I dew an'  
you've been most wonderful lucky. How  
you feel, an' what did you dew when the  
an' the bullets was a flyin' round ye like  
stones? "Fire an' lay flat!" Well, I never  
is that? "You crawled up by the side of

[illegible]

men were growing up, and out of the way. Then again I never think of it should be an army man or should be out there when there was a big battle, and my husband should be amongst the soldiers. I don't know when I thought about the soldiers, I thought I should be a soldier man for that decision. I'm not sure if he should know I was there, and the battle should grow up in me, and a good thing that I was wounded, as I cannot see my husband, and I don't happen to come along with a lot of things on things from the Ministry Commission, as I should be a soldier for the war. I don't see it. I don't just go down on the way to your head an pillar it on my faithful husband, and put some beauty and water, or some hot coffee. I'm parched now, and now up the mountain, and have carry him to a place of safety where I wish an' tend upon 'em as much as I can be.

blih again, we did a glorious martyr for the  
 bloodin' country, I mean a bloodin' martyr for  
 his glorious country—! Just think how kinder  
 rummike that would be—! Yaw! Kins the wonder  
 I read sometimes in books an' papers. But  
 for I took, them, they discouraged me so about  
 it, I never got started. Didn't  
 you think the made all the fuss an' me  
 for wantin' to go. But I wasn't a me  
 born for the best? I didn't go, nothin' Ben-  
 nydid died just as he did. But his death was  
 a awful blow ter me! I shan't never recover  
 from it, or be the same person agin 'n I was  
 before. An' then to think how he was killed!  
 It fairly makes my dander rise. If I'd 'a' been  
 in battle wh'y he'd a died a martyr, he'd a been  
 remembered in the glorious memory of mil-  
 lions yet unborn as one of the brave an' gal-  
 lant. But he died a coward, an' I shan't  
 be think I'd sh'd 'a' gone by the look of  
 it. I can't eat or sleep! I wonder how did  
 a universal alfred every time I think on't. D'you  
 blame me, Jaks?

**ANATOMICAL DISCOVERY.**—For a long time it has baffled the medical authorities to account for the force with which the waves beat against the shore, and it has recently come to light that

When Voltaire was ordered by the  
senator of Geneva to quit the dominions of the  
little republic in twenty-four hours, the incorri-  
ble scoffer at all things venerable and sacred  
replied: "Magnificent sire, it requires only

**Two bids** for the Government rolling-mills at Chattanooga were opened by the Quartermaster General on Wednesday. There were but two bids, and at such figures as to suggest collusion. The matter has been referred to the secretary of War for decision. This mill is the only one in the South in successful operation, with an immense amount of work in prospect on the southern line.

Miss Ann Farrell, a young lady of Columbus, Bartholomew county, Indiana, was riding in a buggy with a gentleman on Saturday last, when the horse ran away. The young lady tried to jump out, but her hoops caught on the buggy, and she was dragged about half a mile. The horse then ran into a mill-race, and the young lady was drowned.

At the election in Mississippi, October 1, twenty-three persons, to fill as many offices, are required to be voted for on one ticket; and there are no regular nominations by which party tickets may be made up, so also the number of candidates for each office varies from two to six, it is a difficult problem how to combine and arrange the ballots, or how the printers shall

The estimated cost of the monument to Mr. Lincoln, to be erected in Springfield, Illinois, is two hundred thousand dollars, and the city has thus far contributed toward it is fifty thousand dollars. Of this amount the city of Chicago has furnished a total of precisely two hundred and eighty-nine dollars and fifty-seven cents.

The Chattanooga Gazette says General Sedman, who has organized a court-martial for the trial of the young bloods who murdered Captain Healey, at Augusta, Georgia, has received letters warning him that if the murderers are punished, he shall never leave Georgia alive.

Here, the Russian bloodhound from Cas-  
 Thunder, and Jack, the bloodhound kept at  
 Andersonville by Captain Wirze, are now on  
 exhibition at Boston.

Why talk about sleeping a wink when  
 you are in their sleep never wink?  
 Never apologise for what you set before  
 your friends. If it is bad taste for a host to  
 serve the dinner on his table, it is still more in-  
 adequate and ridiculous for him to make ex-  
 cuse for it. It is taken for granted, as a mat-  
 ter of course, that you give the very best at your  
 command and within your means.


A man before the Portland Municipal

AN ENLIGHTENED AMERICAN.—Upon the reading of the Declaration of Independence at Ypsilanti, Michigan, by a citizen of that place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment: "Oh, he read it well enough—but damned believe he wrote it."



A girl, Sam said to the bell, and Kate's  
it returned all right.

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beautified ring—the "betrothal ring" of Nature.

Patience under, one picture more. The soft light of autumn September is glowing in the sky, and gilding the autumn landscape with more than summer's glory.

The quiet of the country reigns around. In the corner of a broad, green lawn, that to the south stretches like velvet turf, until only a white line of sand separates it from the ocean, stands a quiet cottage of gray stone, over whose sides the woodbine trails its rich embroidery.

Here and there the smooth turf is broken up into spots of bloom—brilliant geraniums, the vivid splendor of verbena, and the white and crimson beauty of late blooming roses, and the odor of purple bellflowers, charm by their loveliness, and cheer with their perfume. Around the windows cluster the odorous stars of the white daisy, framed in the shining green of the pointed leaves.

Peering the doorway, the beauty is not left behind. Surely we have heard of that saintly Madame, that landscape of Claude's, the angel beauty of that "St. John." It can be none other than the old home of Miriam Thorne—Woodbine Cottage.

A little group are gathered in the drawing-room. None of their faces are familiar. That happy face, lighted with these loving gray eyes, is surely "Aunt Lucy's"—and well her gala dress becomes her naturally beauty.

In that great crimson chair sits Miss Thorne—few to no one else can that pale, sweet face belong. Soft hair her silver hair under that dainty cap, and well her rich gray suit befits the lady's mature form.

There is a hush of expectation, then the folding-down glass softly back, and can this radiant being be the pale, patient Miriam. It must be, for the arm of the gentleman on which she leans is none other than Philip Hale's.

White as the lily's leaves her dress, and through the misty lace of her veil her pure, sweet face is seen, with a wild-rose tint on her cheek, smiles radiating the red of her lips, and love shining in her beautiful eyes.

Through the great western window pours the golden sunlight, and it falls like a benediction on their heads as they stand together, and from all our hearts goes up a glad thanksgiving, that to Philip Hale and his sweet wife, in this new Eden, God has granted His peace.

### Fairmount Park.

The interest in this popular resort has increased so steadily, and to such an extent that it may now fairly be considered as the chief attraction of the city, notwithstanding its unfinished condition. This is, in a large degree, owing to the natural advantages of the place, which, although little money has been spent upon its improvements, have set off everything remarkably. Presuming that a description of the Park may possess interest for those who frequently have friends visiting the city, we have compiled the subjoined information in reference to it.

#### Approaches to the Park.

It is, of course, the better plan to take a carriage in the heart of the city and drive to and through the Park leisurely, as walking and climbing are fatiguing work; but the great mass of the public use the city passenger railway cars. For carriages there are three gates—at Green street, Coates street, and Landing avenue. The pleasantest drive through the city is out Green street, but for strangers who wish to see Girard College and the Eastern Penitentiary, the Coates street route is preferable. For those who wish a nearer view of Girard College, the drive out Girard avenue is best. For persons using the cars, there are six different lines, all running directly to the Park. Three of these afford access to the Park at the Callowhill street gate, the beginning of Fairmount; these being the Arch street, Race and Vine, and Callowhill street lines. The Green and Coates street lines terminate at the Coates street gate, the Union line at the Brown street gate, and the Girard avenue line at the Girard avenue bridge. These lines communicate with every part of the town perfectly, and are used by immense numbers of persons daily.

#### Origin of the Park.

Fairmount Park takes its name from the highest hill in it—a bold, rugged, rocky elevation, overlooking what were formerly the rapids of the river Schuylkill, until the great dam changed the aspect. It is the first of the heights skirting the river as we go up the stream, and though the elevation is not great, the boldness of the outline makes it seem so. The Park is not a great design undertaken from the beginning as a military enterprise; but has grown up gradually, and the city has gone on step by step without, at the outset, knowing the end in view. Fairmount itself was improved long ago, and in such a really beautiful and picturesque style, that it became a famous resort, and was known all over the country. The improvement included none of the ground lying between the height and Coates street, although it belonged to the city. For a long period this tract remained a desolate and unlovely waste, but at last it was enclosed within the boundary of Fairmount grounds, filled up and graded, and so remained until after the consolidation of the city and suburbs. When Mr. Birkhime became Chief Engineer of the Water Works, he undertook the improvement of Fairmount grounds, and has continued it with so much energy and taste as to render them very attractive.

The Lemon Hill estate was formerly the residence of the Fane family, to whose liberality and taste we owe very much, if not most, of the present beauty of that tract. It was purchased by the city corporation long before consolidation, to prevent the erection of factories along the river, and keep the water pure; but being situated on a large hill, and becoming a most disagreeing tract, unsightly to contemplate. At last the authorities of the consolidated city resolved to turn out the huge bear dealer, and devote the place to the purpose of a public park, which was accordingly done. Competent landscape gardeners were employed to draw up plans for the improvement, and these have been carried out step by step. This plan proposed to connect this now tract with Fairmount by the purchase of the intervening ground between Landing avenue and the river. At the improvement of the Lemon Hill estate proposed, the boundary of the place became so great, that the city council deemed it expedient for the new park, which, though unimproved by our

unfortunate troubles, were at last successful, and the union of the two great tracts was accomplished. Numerous a number of liberal citizens subscribed money to buy the Solgely estate, lying north of the Lemon Hill estate, along the river, thus extending the Park over the grounds of the Spring Garden Water Works. The union of this with the rest of the Park, in design, was, however, practically interfered with by cutting Girard avenue through the Park to connect with the bridge, and this difficulty has not yet been overcome. Doubtless bridges will have to be thrown over the cut, but we presume that nothing will be done at this until the improvement of the rest of the Park shall be more advanced.

#### Extent of the Park.

The superficial area of the Park is about one hundred and ten acres. Its length is some two miles, and its average breadth about a quarter of a mile. For such an area it has a greater diversity of landscape than can be found anywhere else in the United States. It extends in a diagonal line from Callowhill to Master street.

#### Proposed Extensions of the Park.

There are three in number, to wit:—1. It is proposed to purchase all the property lying between Coates street, Landing avenue and Lemon Hill and the Reading railroad, clear away the buildings, and add it to the Park, so as to stop the drainage of this district running into the forebay from which we obtain our hydrant-water. A bill providing for this purchase was passed by the City Council, but vetoed by Mayor Henry. The cost would be about three hundred thousand dollars, and it would perfect the union of the two grand divisions of the Park. 2. It is proposed, but has never been acted on, to purchase all the ground bordering the east bank of the river from Redgely to South Laurel Hill, so as to keep factories, breweries, &c., from the river. 3. With the same view, it is proposed to purchase and add to the Park all the land on the west bank of the river, from the Wire Bridge up to Squakamona avenue. These purchases would clear both banks of the river of ice-houses and breweries, and would necessitate a change of the name of the Park to Schuylkill Heights. They would extend the Park over the celebrated estates known as Bolitide, Eggleston, Sweetbrier, Strawberry, Belmont, and Edgely, and make it in all respects the most splendid, picturesque and attractive resort in the United States. It would not cost us, all told, a million dollars for the purchase of the ground, and would be well worth three that amount to us in the preservation of the purity of the Schuylkill water. It would give us a greater length of drives and footpaths, and a greater variety of scenery, than can be found in any other park in the country, and would attract thousands of strangers from all parts of the country to visit it, far beyond what we at present have any knowledge of.

#### Divisions of the Park.

Properly there are three distinct sections of the Park, Fairmount, Lemon Hill and Redgely. Of these the two first are thoroughly improved; the other is not. The improvement of Fairmount may be regarded as almost complete, and this section is now one of the most perfect specimens of landscape gardening the neighborhood of the city can produce. Since consolidation the improvements in this section have been pushed forward most energetically by Chief Engineer Birkhime, and have made a surprising change in the aspect of things. There remains nothing to be done except the finishing off of the water edges. The shady groves and cooling fountains on both sides of the mountain are very tastefully arranged. But the great features of this section are the cliffs, with their wild vines and still wilder looking trees springing up from the crevices of the rocks. However the new portions of the Park may be improved, none of them can equal Fairmount itself in beauty; and it will doubtless long continue to be the principal theme of admiration for all who visit the Park. Pictures hitherto have done it but scant justice. The painter hereafter may need bother, but thus far none has begun to equal the natural scene.

The improvements at Lemon Hill, however, we must admit, have developed a natural loveliness of landscape for which we were not prepared. This eminence differs from Fairmount in its gradually swelling outline, which admits of terrace gardens, rolling lawns, groves, glens, ravines, promontories, dunes and water paths. It is here that the art of the landscape gardener has achieved its most recent and greatest triumphs, and this is the grand resort for carriages, equestrians, ball play, boat clubs and skaters. In this park, too, will be found a greater variety of trees, shrubs and flowers, native and exotic, and all well grown and quite flourishing.

Redgely is still in its wild state, the hand of improvement not having yet reached it. In its original state it was one of the wildest, most picturesque and delightful scenes in the whole neighborhood of Philadelphia. At present it is a neglected waste, and though nothing can entirely destroy its natural beauty, it is melancholy to survey the wreck that has been left to us. When, however, we call to mind the ruin wrought at Lemon Hill by rum and rowdiness, and compare it with the change since made, we have high hopes of Redgely when Councils shall, in a more liberal spirit, see proper to enter upon the improvement. It will take but a limited amount of money to make the improvement; and the mystery is why the City Council hesitates, when public sentiment so largely favors the movement.

#### Fountains in the Park.

More than ordinary attention has been given to the distribution of fountains throughout the Park, as the following statement of the number will show:

1. Dolphin and cupid fountain, near Callowhill street, entrance gate, so called from a marble group of a dolphin mounting a cupid on his back, which forms the centre piece.
2. Drinking fountain at the marble statue of Diana the huntress, near the forebay.
3. Rock fountain, at the statue of the nymph upholding a ewe. This is decidedly the most picturesque and effective fountain in the whole Park.
4. The umbrella fountain and cascade on the north side of Fairmount, a very ingenious arrangement which attracts much attention.
5. The fountain near Green street gate, a large and well-arranged one—and quite popular.
6. The fountain in the glen, at the foot of Lemon Hill, where the Schuylkill was formerly located, during Mr. Fran's residence.
7. The marble drinking fountain at the beginning of the path leading to the glen.

8. The fountain in the ravine, near the Skaters' Pavilion, a beautiful and delightful one.

9. The chalybeate spring in the glen. The waters of this well are medicinal and beneficial as any in the country. It has become an immensely popular resort.

10. The new chalybeate fountain at Spring Garden Water Works. The waters of this fountain are as strongly impregnated with iron as those of any other spring, and are just as well worth visiting, though less accessible.

#### Observatories in the Park.

Considerable attention has been paid to the establishment of observatories and look-outs from which good views might be obtained. These may be specified as follows:

1. The Skaters' Tower, over the new ascending main at Fairmount. The view from this is truly magnificent, especially in the shade of evening, though fine at all times. The whole of the north side lies spread out below like a map, with carriages driving along, equestrians dashing through the groves of trees, and pedestrians lounging in the by paths.
2. The Lover's Tower, on the cliffs at Fairmount. This has long been a famous resort, and is now much improved. It commands a splendid view of the old grounds of Fairmount, and in summer the music below sounds delightfully there.
3. Pavilion on the Mount Dam. This stands away out in the river so far as to be always cool and breezy, and is a fine place for all who would see the whole river and gaze down at the descending floods, or look at the fishermen on the rocks below.
4. Pavilion on the promontory, the first rocky height above Fairmount. This spot is admirably suited for a look-out, and commands a grand survey of all the regattas and sports of the river. In winter it is equally good as a look-out over the skaters below.
5. Pavilion on the lawn beyond Lemon Hill, a quiet place to listen to the music of the band at the mansion, and to look at the equipages and equestrians.

#### Drives in the Park.

These may be considered at present as five in number, as follows:

1. Grand drive from Green street gate. This traverses the whole of the Park accessible to carriages. It is reached also through a very pleasant part of the city.
2. Drive from Landing avenue gate. This enters the glen at once, and passing by the cricket ground, runs all through the Lemon Hill estate.
3. River drive. Properly speaking, this forms part of the first drive, but it is a distinct feature of the park, skirting the river margin, as it does from Fairmount to Redgely.
4. Drive on the Heights. This, also, though part of the other drives, is a distinct feature. It skirts the river, but on the crest of the heights, and affords a grand view of the scenery all around.

#### Footpaths in the Park.

For pedestrians desiring to see the beauties of the Park, (and it must be observed that some of them can only be seen on foot,) there are six different beginnings or routes of exploration to which we ask attention:

1. From Callowhill street gate through Fairmount grounds and up the hillside paths. This leads by some of the finest features of the Park.
2. From Green street gate through the new grounds on the north side of Fairmount, up the hillside paths to the stone tower, and down again by the rocky path to the mount dam.
3. From Coates street gate through the new purchase, and by the river margin to Redgely. This commands the whole stretch of the river.
4. From Landing avenue gate up the hillside paths through the terrace gardens, and so on to the pavilion on the promontory.
5. From Brown street gate through the glen to the cricket grounds and thence to the fort.
6. From Girard avenue through Redgely.

#### Boats and Skaters at the Park.

Two handsome floating boat houses have been erected at the new purchase between Fairmount and Lemon Hill, where boats may be hired at all hours. These are light, graceful, swift, out-riggers, and skater boats with pleasant names, and the river is constantly dotted with them. In addition to these there are many boat clubs bearing the names Bechelors', Pacific University, &c., all having boat houses at the river margin of the Park. Of these the Bechelors' and Pacific Clubs have erected very tasteful and costly brown-stone houses, characterized by most architectural beauty. The other clubs will all build in as good style in due time. The first story of the Skaters' Pavilion, a large and neat stone structure, is also occupied by boat clubs. These craft are commanded by a commodore, and have stated reviews and regattas. They are mostly out on the river in the afternoon from five to seven o'clock, and make quite an agreeable show. Their row is up to the Falls and back. The boats are long, slender, float craft, and the men wear a fixed uniform peculiar to each club.

The Skaters' Pavilion, erected by the Skaters' Club, affords a grand view of the river in winter, and is the headquarters of the skating on that stream. The club comprehends the best skaters in the United States.

#### Artificial Features of the Park.

Of course these are numerous, and it would require too much space to specify or describe them. Our purpose under this head is merely to call attention to a few things which illustrate the effect of judicious arrangement.

1. The Terrace Gardens on the east side of Lemon Hill. When this portion of the Park was a private estate these terrace gardens were the pride of the place, and bloomed with all the beauty that the art of the gardener could bestow upon them. The conservatory having been removed, no hot house plants are now to be seen in these gardens, but the walks, the shrubbery, the embowering shades are all lovely enough. Each terrace has a distinct plan, but the whole blended together in harmony, so that the stroll through them is delightful.
2. The Hemlock Walk and Exotic Circle. Starting from the rear of the old mansion house on Lemon Hill, the pedestrian will find a path leading between a double row of lofty hemlocks in a curved line to a circle of exotic trees on the heights near the river. In this circle formerly stood a secluded pavilion. The trees are all well very fine and are much frequented by strollers.

These will sufficiently illustrate to the public generally to what an extent the present beauty of the Park is the work of art, many specimens

being under the impression that nature alone has been the artist, when in point of fact it is the exceeding skill of art that has concealed all appearance of labored effect.

#### Natural Features of the Park.

As contradistinguished from those, there are some features which no art could conceal or mar, and of these a few specimens will illustrate how nature has vied with art in rendering this resort beautiful.

1. The cliffs at Fairmount. These rugged rocks, embowered by exposure or green with moss, ferns, and lichens, are too well known to need description. Lofly trees have rooted themselves in the crevices and rifts of the rocks below the cliffs, and clambering vines struggle everywhere for life and sunshine.
2. Schuylkill Heights. These skirt the whole range of the Lemon Hill and Redgely estates, and are diversified with every shape of heaving dunes and precipices, the hollows between being dense thickets of trees and shrubbery, through which the hand of art has laid out winding paths for strollers.

#### Distribution of Effects.

The peculiar glory of the Park is the admirable arrangement of shade. Trees flourish wonderfully in this rich soil, and good care has been taken to provide well everywhere, not only for shelter from the heat of the sun, but for the proper arrangement of light and effect. In the oldest part of Fairmount the shade is a little too dense, and the trees might be judiciously thinned out so as to provide some sort of chance for the grass to thrive. In midsummer, when the shade is thickest, no ray of sunshine ever penetrates to the grass. In the glen where the chalybeate spring is located this seems appropriate enough.

In the variety of trees and shrubs the Park is a real museum of botany. Both native and exotic trees and plants appear to thrive remarkably in all parts of the grounds.

For much of the information embodied in this article we are indebted to the present able Commissioner of City Property, Mr. Charles Dizay, from whom also we obtain the subjoined statement of the appropriations to the Park during the past five years:

Year.	Regular.	Additional.
1861,	\$13,000	
1862,	10,000	\$10,000
1863,	10,000	8,000
1864,	10,000	10,000
1865,	20,000	8,000
Totals,	\$63,000	\$28,000
Aggregate,	\$91,000	

When we contrast this with the amount of work done, we are impressed with the belief that the management is excellent, and that in a few years the improvement will be completed.—*North American.*

☞ The ruins of a very ancient aboriginal city have been discovered in the forests of Jicrombo of Huchinango, in Province Llanos, Mexico. The temples are of immense size; some with vaulted roofs, and so well preserved that ancient paintings appear fresh. Courts are filled with hideous and grotesque idols and pyramids surrounded by the same. The whole is enveloped in a dense forest of cedar and ebony trees. Some of these cedars are of such immense size that eight men, locking hands together, could not reach round one of them. These forests are on healthy table lands, about fifty miles from port of Tuspan.

☞ A philosophical cabman in Mobile, thus speaks of the section over which his wheels make their tracks:—"If you run over a youngster down here in this here ward," said he, "the folks don't say nothin'—kase they have got more children than wittles for 'em—but you just run over a goat, or a kid, or a sow, or pig, and blast if a mob ain't arter you in two minits!"

☞ Daniel Andrea, postmaster at Glenora, Missouri, recently committed suicide. He left a confession, stating that he murdered and robbed a returned Californian of \$10,000; murdered two of his own children; attempted to kill his wife; and had robbed the mails ever since he had been postmaster.

☞ The amusement of a picnic party in the environs of Rome was recently somewhat disturbed by a patrol of gendarmes, who informed them that the brigands were lurking about, and had just killed a young farmer who could not furnish 2,000 rudi ransom.

☞ Coleridge, in one of the most beautiful of similes, illustrates the pregnant truth that the more we know, the greater is our thirst for knowledge, and the more we love, the more insatiable our sympathy: "The water-lily, in the midst of waters, opens its leaves and expands its petals, at the first pattering of the shower; and rejoices in the rain-drops with a quicker sympathy than the parched shrub in the sandy desert."

☞ An arrangement for taking mail bags from stations while trains are moving at full speed has been invented by a mail agent on the Chicago and North-western Railroad. Numerous trials prove it a success.

☞ Men are often accused of pride because their accounts would be proud if they themselves were in their places.

☞ The greatest of genius can come in support with only a limited number of minds. There are myriad spheres of life and thought where their splendor is powerless to enter; yet ambition would have the whole universe to itself alone.

☞ The richest man of Providence, R. I., is C. Allen, whose income is \$500,000, and Geo. M. Richmond, \$214,612.

☞ It is estimated that at least 100,000 emigrants will go South from the Northern states this year.

☞ Judge Theo. C. Halliburton (Sam Slick) died recently in England, aged 62.

☞ Business prospects at Jacksonville, Fla., are greatly improved.

☞ During the war Pennsylvania furnished the Government 473,430 soldiers.

☞ Gen. Dent, brother-in-law of Gen. Grant, has been placed in command of the garrison of Washington, numbering 2,000 men.

☞ Drury's Zouave of New York, long stationed in Charleston on account of ill-health with the negroes, have been honorably discharged.

☞ An anonymous note:—"A cat in Tennessee has given birth to a litter of four kittens, which are joined together at the back and sides in such a manner that when two of them are running the other two are on their backs with their feet sticking up. They are doing well, and will most likely be sent to Europe."

These will sufficiently illustrate to the public generally to what an extent the present beauty of the Park is the work of art, many specimens

### SCRAPS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY VERNET.

#### The Sea-Lion.

I have an idea that the naming up of a scientific standard in each range of natural history is an able to afford—occupying quite half the space allotted to an entire subject with ordinary classes, families, genus, variety, and quaternary, would neither amuse or particularly instruct the majority of such as may choose to read them.

Plain English talk for all degrees of intelligence being our established principle in such fashion let us discuss the Sea-Lion.

It must have been from about country that the animal was christened thus, as in reality he is no more like a lion than he is like the Leviathan of the Book of Job—perhaps not so much so.

The Pacific range of the Sea-Lion is a very wide one, both latitude and longitudinal, extending from the cold, dismal—always wintry—regions of Cape Horn, down through the tropics, and far north, almost to the Arctic Circle, though the animal more affects and most abundant in the temperate parallels between the two extremes of heat and cold.

In the majority of the archipelagoes and extensive island groups of the South Pacific the Sea-Lion has his haunts, and also among the Philippines, Ladrones, and Magellan's Archipelago of the North Pacific.

Comparatively at the present time there are very few Sea-Lions to be found along the West Coast of America, though at an earlier period they must have abounded in vast numbers, even under the tropics, as in the vast guano deposits at the Chincha and Lobos Islands on the Coast of Peru their bones are found in profusion, scattered all through the hills of bird manure, from their summit to the base—always most numerous towards the bottom of the accumulations, which at some points are more than seventy feet in depth, and must have required many hundreds of years to build up.

Among the extensive archipelagoes, bays, and estuaries along the west coast of Patagonia, between the Straits of Magellan and the great Island of Chile, there are at the present day a good many Marine Lions—some of them famous old fellows—the finest specimens of the animals perhaps that can be found anywhere in the world. Now and then a small party of lions—families, probably, may be found all along the coast, from Chile to the Equator, and sometimes an old veteran is seen within the most frequented harbors, right in among the thickest of the shipping, quite careless of the proximity of such sporting and pursuing their prey.

In his general structure, the Sea-Lion does not differ essentially from the fur seal, and his habits are as near like that animal's as are his anatomical features. But he is a great deal larger, more formidable fellow than any variety of the seal. I have heard some tough stories told of the combative ferocity of the Sea-Lion, but having seen a good deal of the animal under almost all conditions in which he is ever likely to be encountered, I am not prepared to believe that a Sea-Lion ever attacked a man either in or out of the water, except in the defense of his whelps.

The full-grown Lion of the best breed I have seen will measure about twelve feet in length, and in girth round what would be the shoulder, if they were a quadruped, perhaps eight feet, with a gradual regular diminution towards the flat, fishy tail. The neck is long, thick, and as round as a perfect cylinder, the head firmly set on, is large in proportion to the size of the animal, in shape very like that of a pure blood bull-dog, with very strong jaws and formidable teeth, in construction so nearly like a dog's that the bare jaws of an ordinary sized lion might readily be mistaken by even an expert naturalist. The ears are small, round, and erect, and the eyes large and prominent in size, and in position like those of a horse, and very nearly black in color. The two legs, or rather "flippers," are placed wide apart, with broad shoulder blades, and are set further back from the juncture of the neck with the body than in any other of the seal family.

The color of the Sea-Lion varies somewhat with the climate, he being darker, and the fur finer in very cold regions. Along the back he is a dark brown, growing into a yellowish buff color down the sides and underneath, while about the eyes and muzzle he is almost black.

The diet of the Sea-Lion is fish exclusively, which, as he swims very rapidly, he often fairly runs down in full chase. The lioness brings forth two whelps at a birth, which are blind until the ninth day like the land canines, and are nursed by the dam until the fifth month, their favorite haunts for breeding being in some hidden cove out of the way of observation. The Sea-Lion is an exceedingly awkward pedestrian, but nevertheless he does manage to wallow his way up on to flat, inclined surfaces, and sometimes to considerable elevations and distances from the water.

There are some of the droll antics of the animal at times that if truthfully described would, I think, be really amusing, and perhaps instructive.

☞ Two friends were listening to a young preacher, whose sermon was made up of unacknowledged plagiarisms. They did little else than snudge each other as one amazing crib succeeded another, until one whispered, "Look at him! I declare his very whiskers are curling into inverted commas, and his face looks one entire quotation."

☞ Literature is mostly the result of privation—a confusion of spheres. Surround every genius with the audience most sympathetic with him, and he would never outside himself to write, but would pour forth his thoughts in "winged words" alone. Now, however, finding himself in solitude, the only way to reach his audience, "At though few," and scattered through the ages, is by letters.

☞ An old divine used to bring, as his first proof of the comfortable doctrine of passive depravity, that "all children put great apples." He might have added as his second proof, the fact that they will steal them whenever they get a chance.

☞ At Washington, recently, in the same court in which Miss Harris was acquitted for shooting Burroughs, a man was tried for seducing a woman who broke her promise to marry him—was found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

☞ Park trees are laid in the income tax in St. Louis. A park-groom heads the list with \$400,000, and one others follow with \$200,000 each.



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